

A Very Onesie Affair

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Summary: Scott shows up to school in a very interesting outfit.

A Very Onesie Affair

****A Very****

****Onesie Affair****

****Disclaimer:** This was inspired by Tyler Posey's wearing a red onesie at that MTV event recently. Oh yeah, I own nothing but what you see here. Set a few days after Season 1's Night School.**

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><p>Now for most teenagers going to Beacon Hills High, they all figured their day at school would be like any other day. Such as coming, learning, hanging out with some friends and what not, getting homework, dealing with asshole teachers, and finally going home. But today? Today was most definitely gonna be a different one that was gonna be remembered for years to come! Even still being more memorable than the time they all got attacked by some weird creature with glowing eyes during a Charity Game. And it would all start with one Scott McCall as he showed up in nothing more than a red onesie with the words 'Mr. Harris's Number 1!' on the butt flap of the outfit. His entire demeanor showed that he seemed like everything was alright and in no way out of the normal way of things.<p>

And if he noticed the stares of everybody? He sure didn't acknowledge it either! Off in one corner however was Stiles Stilinski, Jackson Whittemore, Lydia Martin, Danny Mahealani, and Allison Argent as they gaped on at Scott in shock. Leaning in, Jackson asked the question that was on everybody's mind. "Okay€| Stilinski€| What the HELL is that!?"

Stiles let out an incredulous filled laugh as he flailed a little. "Uhhâ€| Hehâ€| The thing is, Scott's been kinda pissed off lately."

"Pissed off enough to willingly wear something like that?" Asked a bewildered Lydia while Allison wondered if she should say anything to her ex despite wanting to keep her distance for the time being.

A frantic nod came from Stiles after that. "Yep, between nearly gettin' killed here the other night, Allison refusin' to talk to him, Harris bein' a dick to him cause he can, and his dear old dad wantin' to add his own input to what his son is up too has left him to the point he's just pretty much flipped his lid." Thankfully, said lid flipping didn't involve tearing up stuff or killing people.

Allison honestly felt guilty over that but she didn't think she could be blamed for wanting a little distance from Scott after that night! Especially when she knew he'd been lying about things! Even if he had been scared out of his mind like the rest of them were. It was clear that there was some disagreement between him and Stiles too from that night judging from the heated whispers from the two of them. Stiles seemed to notice how she was looking and was quick to re-assure her that Scott understood why she was doing what she did, even if he hated every bit of it. "Soo you gonna try and do something about him wearing that thing?" Asked a curious Danny while Allison kept silent.

"Nope, when Scott gets somethin' in his head, he'll run with it til he can't anymore."

"I'm gonna go talk to him, maybe I can do something." Spoke Allison and headed off before anyone could stop her.

Her talk didn't really do much to get him to change out of the red onesie, but things between them were a lot more calmer since she actually gave him the opportunity to talk and not just brush him off. This thankfully kept him from doing something stupid with Lydia in Finstock's office, even though it left Stiles unhappy with the answer he got when it came to Lydia. What Scott wouldn't realize at first is that his little act would inspire a group of students to start a Onesie club much to Lydia's absolute horror. The fact Danny even got involved made the horror worse even if Jackson secretly found the whole damn thing to be amusing as Hell. Finstock would get a damn good laugh over Scott's outfit and Harris? Well that douche just put our favorite guy in a week's worth of detentions. Not that Scott cared and pretty much straight up told the man he refused to go and even went to the principal about it. Which definitely pissed off Harris even more and made things pretty damned intense and uncomfortable anytime the two were around one another.

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><p>Author's Notes: Heh, yay for that being out of my head! And it looks like the site's review system is out of whack again. Yay for that!

End
file.